Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | Montreal, November 15, 1940. | 77th Year.

Barriers Down!

For the Messenger

By Amy Carr

HENRY FULTON, accountant, parked his car in front of his house with a sigh of relief. It had been a hard day and the thought of a good dinner and book in the favorite chair in his den beckoned alluringly. Wild horses couldn't drag him out of the house again that evening. He shut the front door with finality as his wife called from the kitchen, "Did you wipe your feet, Henry?"

"No," answered Henry as he opened the door and wiped his feet on the scrupulously clean mat. "You just have time to wash up," added Jane who had been a school teacher when she met Henry, widower of a year, and decided that he needed someone to look after him more competently than his young, head-in-the-clouds daughter, Ruth.

Henry did justice to the roast beef. Creamed onions and home fried potatoes. The deep apple pie. "Where's Ruth?" he asked. "Out with the ever-present Don, there's a dinner-party on at the Club," Jane answered disapprovingly, "Henry, I wish you'd make her keep better hours. She got in at three this morning!"

"Did she? Well, young people do keep weird hours these days."

"Too weird," snapped Jane; "can't you insist on her being in at twelve?"

HENRY'S blue eyes twinkled, "Parents don't insist any longer. I trust Ruth and hope her good sense will take care of her."

Jane's back straightened belligerently, "People in love have no sense and anyway Ruth's just a dreamer."

"Like her mother was," said Henry Fulton quietly.

"Dreams don't get you anywhere; one has to be business-like to get on in the world. I hope you'll speak to Ruth. I don't like to have my sleep disturbed,—and I can't sleep while she's still out."

"She has her key."

"It's not that. It's what's right and what's wrong!"

Henry felt the reproof in Jane's voice. There was tension in the house when Ruth was out late or left things out of place like he did. Jane couldn't help trying to discipline people. It was in her blood from years of teaching. He went into his den with a feeling of relief, but stiffened into sudden anger.

Jane's sewing machine was in the corner where he always read. Material was on his desk, and a fashion book lay over a chair back. "Jane!" he called sharply. and she came to the door. "I'm making a suit, Henry, and there is a better light here," she explained. Henry felt his anger rise, but made an honest effort to combat it. "This is *my* room, Jane. You have the whole house to choose from. I'll help you move the machine when you've finished the dishes. You won't need to sew here tonight, will you?"

Jane's dark eyes widened in astonishment as she exclaimed, "Henry!" in an unbelieving voice. He felt her anger in the way she handled the dishes and later swept the kitchen floor, with every stroke of the broom resentful. It was seldom he made a stand, and it made him feel wretched, but the small room was the one place he could shut himself in to relax and do his beloved reading.

* * *

LATER Henry couldn't sleep. He would have to speak to Ruth; it really wasn't right for her to stay out so late. Towards morning just as he was dozing off, the front door bell rang and Jane switched on the light. "It's nearly three," she said in an 'I told you so' voice.

"Sorry, Dad," whispered Ruth, as she slipped in. "I forgot my key."

Henry put his hands on her slim shoulders lovingly, "Ruthie, this isn't really the right thing; Jane doesn't like it."

"She doesn't like *anything* about me, Dad. It's a good thing I'm going to get married."

"You're wrong, Honey. It's just her way. She doesn't show her feelings, but I do know she feels things. She's a wonderful housekeeper; if you're half as good a housekeeper as she is—"

Ruth interrupted hotly, "I'm not going to sweep Don out of the house when I'm married. I'm not going to fuss about him wiping his feet *all* the time. I'm not—"

"Henry," called Jane.

Ruth gave Henry a hasty kiss and whispered in his ear, "I'm going to be easy to live with, Daddy and I'm going to show Don I love him and not keep all the love I have bottled up *inside* me!"

Henry held Ruth against him mutely. There were tears in his eyes.

A look at the calendar next morning made Henry feel the years were piling up. He felt fifty years young some days, his blue eyes clear and humorous. He was straight-backed and without an extra ounce of flesh on his tall figure. He and Jane were opposites. She was stout. Undemonstrative and capable, her dark eyes snapped as she went from one piece of work to another. "Many happy returns, Henry," she said with a kiss, "my present will be here by evening."

"Dad, many happy returns," said Ruth with a kiss that left him breathless, "here's something for your desk."

Henry took the parcel in his hands and unwrapped eagerly. "Bronze bookends, Ruth; the very kind I wanted."

"I heard you say you liked them," gloated Ruth, "so I went straight down to Joran's and bought them."

* * *

HENRY was early for the office and stopped at a corner to let an old woman with an armful of marketing pass. "Mr. Henry!" she exclaimed.

"Bridget Connor!" he said delightedly to their old cook in the Fulton household. "Get in. How dare a woman of your age carry such heavy parcels?"

"Sure, there's only myself to do it," she answered stoutly.

"Bridget, I'm fifty today," announced Henry.

Bridget Connor shook her head. "I don't believe it, Mr. Henry, you're so young looking!"

"Go on with your Irish blarney," laughed Henry. When he dropped her at her tiny home she said, "Come in, Mr. Henry and see the room I call the Fulton Room. Your Mother was good to me when she broke up house."

Henry felt as if he had been transported back to his boyhood days as he looked at a tall oak sideboard, "here's where Mother kept the cookie jar," he said, opening the right hand cupboard.

"Have a cookie," suggested Bridget Connor, "I keep a jar there too!"

"They don't have rockers nowadays, do they?" Henry asked wistfully, as he put his hand on the back of a rocker his mother had used.

"They'll come back, all the good old things come back. Your mother thought out a lot of her problems in that chair."

"When my problems get too much for me I'll come here and think them out, too," promised Henry, half in jest and half in earnest. There must be some solution to his home problem which was beginning to weigh on him a little. He must try to be more thoughtful of Jane, he decided.

* * *

HE had a pleasant feeling as he drove home at six o'clock. He wondered what Jane's present would be as he wiped his feet carefully and went into the house. "Don't go into the den," called Jane, "wait till after dinner." He did full justice to the roast chicken and apple jelly. All the trimmings that go with a birthday meal.

"Now!" said Jane proudly and opened the door while Henry and Ruth went in. In the place of his old stuffed chair, dented to every curve of his body's solid comfort stood a straight-backed chair upholstered in red leather with slippery nickle arms and legs. A bleak feeling stole over Henry as he looked around for his old chair, which was nowhere in sight.

"Don't you like it?" asked Jane.

"It's very handsome. Thank you," stammered Henry. "Try it," said Jane and Henry sat down gingerly, "It's *strong*," snapped Jane in a disgusted voice, "and it's very modern!"

"I think I'll read the paper now," said Henry.

With the rattling of dishes in the kitchen he slumped miserably. He felt like a lost soul, a pelican in the wilderness or any other thing that has suddenly been bereft of its most precious possession. Ruth hesitated in the doorway with a pitying look in her dark eyes, "You're very swanky now, Dad!"

Henry jumped up and hissed in her ear, "Where's my chair, Ruthie?"

"She gave it to the Neighborhood Service, Dad."

* * *

EARLY next morning Henry visited the Neighborhood Service and met his chair being carried out to a truck. "Wait!" he told the man, "There's been a mistake!" He explained to the girl at the desk and gave her two dollars. He took the chair to Bridget Connors, "Will you keep it for me for a while?" he asked, "I just can't explain!"

"Sure I will, Mr. Henry; my, it's a comfortable chair."

"It *is*," agreed Henry, with feeling in his voice.

He met Ruth going home at lunch time with pink in her cheeks and eyes bright "I've been buying some linen for my hope chest, Dad."

"Good; I hope you're going to be happy, dear."

"I know I will," said Ruth, then chuckled, "Dad, you should have seen yourself sitting in that chair as if for execution. I told Don about it and he said it was a shame. A man ought to have one place in his own house where he could just relax and be comfortable."

Henry exploded, "Don's right. I'm bringing my chair back one of these days. I left it at Bridget Connors'. Jane's a fine woman, Ruthie, she's competent!"

"Yes, but we seem to live in a house, not a *home* now. Just for once I'd like to see something out of place. I want to have the house tidy, sure; but not so tidy that you can't *live* in it!"

Henry's blue eyes twinkled understandingly and he gave Ruth's arm a squeeze as he asked, "How are you going to treat Don after you're married?"

"Well, Dad, we're taking notes from you and Jane—Mother," she corrected hastily. It seemed difficult to use that loved name in connection with Jane Fulton.

"Then I'd better watch my step, for I'm no perfect pattern to copy," laughed Henry.

* * *

EVENING after evening Henry had tried to accustom himself to the new chair without success. He felt uncomfortable, unable to relax. Its back was stiff and the nickle was cold against his arms. Tonight he looked around the room hopefully. There was space for another chair!

"I'm going out for a little while," he said to Jane, knitting in the pretty living room. "I'll go with you," she said, "I want to get some dye at the druggist's."

"When I get back," Henry answered hurriedly.

"I've come for my chair," Henry said in a defiant voice to Bridget Connors.

"You must have missed it, Mr. Henry," she answered in a sympathetic voice. "I felt as if I'd lost a leg or an arm or some precious part of me," chuckled Henry, as he put his hand on the back of his beloved chair.

Jane's eyes widened in amazement as she met him in the hall when he got back. "I gave that chair to the Neighborhood Service," she said firmly. Henry put the chair down in front of him as if it was a fortress he had to defend. "You gave away something

(Please turn to Page 9.)

The Bar That Went Out to Sea

By G. E. McKean

For the Messenger

Those on the coastguard boat were searching for something, for someone.

LONG BAR, a sand spit off the shore of Pelican Isle, about one mile out at sea, a sand spit that stretched in broken islets for fully three miles north and south along the coast, just "up and moved." In the middle of a blow the sand began to shift, rolling out in the undertow to the open sea until, tired of moving, it piled up again four miles farther out, so that where sea birds had roosted, fishes swam, and where fish had been swimming, birds sat in long rows, and great turtles crawled up on the sloping sands.

Martha told her brother Ned about that the day Ned came home from fishing off one of the southern keys.

"Long Bar's gone," she said.

Her brother stared at her. He had beaten his way home, up the coast, near to the shore, for a reason, and had not come sailing in from out in the deep. And a good thing it was. For that night it had been dark as he sailed home and he might not have seen the lines of lacy foam that swirled around the new Long Bar. He might easily have piled his boat on the sand spit, as better boats had piled on sand spits before.

Although, Ned thought, it would not have made much difference if he had put his boat on the bar.

And Martha, listening to what he had to say, exclaimed, "Ned! It can't be!" The moving of Long Bar was forgotten . . . for the time being.

"The White Gull's done!" Ned said. He stood on the beach and looked at the old vessel he owned. On her he had been captain, mate, and able-bodied sailor, all in one. With her he had been able to wrest a living for himself and his mother and his sister, a living that supplemented the living they got from their orange grove.

His mother had bought that orange grove down near the coast years before, hoping that the work in the open would cure her husband, who coughed and coughed, and seemed unable to stand the confining work in a factory office. And for a time his father had seemed better. Then he had died.

Leaving Ned's mother, his sister Martha and Ned himself. He was seventeen at the time, but strong. And they had the orange grove, that was just coming into bearing. If they could pull through for a few years they would succeed. And they had his strength. But down at Pelican Cove there was not much call for a young fellow's strength. There was little hiring of labor, and work was hard to get beyond an occasional day's work on the road, or some seasonal work in the orchards along the river that meandered down from inland. And, at that time, he ought to be working in his mother's grove.

But with the place they had bought an old sloop.

She was a tubby vessel, and rather unwieldy. But she would float. And the ocean stretched away, and in the ocean there was wealth, if you would go after it. Fish brought some kind of a price at all times, down at the fish houses that clustered around the spider-legged wharves at Palmetto Inlet.

So Ned fussed with the sloop, and patched up sails that weren't any too stout. He caulked leaky seams.

And for one year he put out to sea, and fished, and sold his fish for what they could bring. And he invested his money in fertilizer and spray. The grove was coming along fine!

At times he worried. Once indeed, without saying a word to his mother, he went down to the street where supplies for ships were sold.

Rope cost . . . and gear . . . and as for canvas he just couldn't buy it, not enough to make the sails he ought to have.

He began to watch the weather closely. On one rough trip coming home from the fishing grounds the old ship fairly sloshed, so much water came pouring through seams that needed caulking badly.

And he went on patching and caulking.

Of course, if the old tub had been worth anything he never would have gotten her thrown in with the place. It was because she was almost worthless she had been left.

AND then . . . well, on the night Long Bar moved he wondered if he would get home.

It was a question: whether to bail, and let the sailing go, or sail and hope the White Gull did not settle and sink.

She was loggy. It was a good thing she was a tub. For that kept her afloat after a trimmer boat would have gone to the bottom.

"She's leaking like a sieve," Ned thought. His face was sober. There was fertilizer to buy, and spray. There was a payment or two yet on the grove. And if the White Gull was beyond repair, how they'd make out he did not know. He kept close in to the shore, taking a chance on the breakers washing her in and grounding her rather than standing off shore in the deep water. He could swim, but he had no desire to swim in four miles or so. Not in the waters he was sailing.

And then, more by luck than by anything else, he was home, with a load of fish and a load of sea water.

And he knew he could not repair the White Gull. She was not worth fussing with. It would take too much money.

He told Martha so.

"Ned," she said, "you . . . you don't mean it!"

"She's done," Ned said.

He sat there, gazing at the old boat. She had never been a beauty, she had never been even seaworthy since he had owned her, but she had kept them going.

Then he noticed his sister watching him, and noticed the worried look in her blue eyes. "Don't worry," he said. "We'll pull through somehow!"

Martha nodded. They would. She had faith in Ned!

"Don't tell mother," Ned said. There must be some way out! There must be!

He sat studying the White Gull in the cold light of day, while a rather cool breeze blew, rustling the palmetto fronds and causing the long veils of Spanish moss in the live oaks to sway in the brisk wind.

There must be some way out. Suppose he crammed the cracks between the planking of the White Gull's hull with Spanish moss, then tarred it. That was an idea. But not a very good idea at that.

Suppose he wedged palmetto fronds in the cracks.

Palmetto fronds . . . Spanish moss. There was plenty of that material. And he'd have to find some material that was plentiful, and free. For to recondition the ship, buying the material needed, was out of the question.

He discarded this plan and that.

And he went in to supper that evening discouraged.

Still, he'd go to town tomorrow.

"Tomorrow," he said, "I'll go to town." On Wednesdays the stores were not busy, and some of the men might have some idea to help him. He mentioned the fact that on Wednesday he could talk to the storekeepers.

"Tomorrow isn't Wednesday," his mother said.

"It isn't!"

"No. Today is."

Well, on trips, fishing, you sometimes forgot the day of the week. Down among the keys, or off the shore, one day followed another with nothing to distinguish them and mark them.

"Then," he said . . . and he was looking at Martha.

"Martha," he said, "you say Long Bar moved out to sea?" Even as he asked, he knew it had. For that afternoon he had stood looking out, to where Long Bar had been, and the water was smooth, while, far out, fountains of spray shot up in the air.

"Yes," Martha said. "Why?"

Why? Why the steamer from the northern cities came down on Wednesday night, plowing along steadily, its propellors churning a wake behind it. That steamer was generally booked full with passengers going to the resort towns farther south. You could see it pass in the night, a thing of glory, light shining from every porthole, its cabins gleaming.

Ned went out. That steamer would come. And Long Bar had just moved! He doubted if anyone in authority knew it. The coastguard boats, at their headquarters twenty miles down the coast, at The Point, did not patrol the coast regularly.

And they had no phone in the house.

THE night shut down, as the sun sank like a plummet behind the tall palms in the west. A velvet veil seemed to be drawn across the world, a veil that began to break as pin points of gold appeared, the low stars coming out.

He couldn't go to town to phone,—there was not time! Even if he got there he doubted if they could 'phone down to the coastguard station in time to have the coastguard speed out and warn the steamship.

Was there nothing he could do?

He stood down by the beach. Soon, that steamer would come, out of the north, following her usual route. And she generally came down at this point about five miles out . . . where Long Bar now stretched.

She'd ground! . . . unless . . .

He went to work. There was plenty of palmetto fronds, dead ones, dry as tinder. And there was a pile of fatwood, old turpentine pines, that were mostly pitch, and would blaze quickly.

He loaded the White Gull. He hated to do what he was thinking of doing, but the old boat was beyond repair. She'd go out, in a blaze of glory.

He made sure his rowboat was trailing along behind. Then he sailed the White Gull out, out, listening to the water swishing in through the gaps between the planking.

The White Gull grew loggy. She hardly answered to the tiller.

But she'd get out to Long Bar.

And on Long Bar he beached her, amid a swelter of spray. Then he waited.

And, to the north, a steamer, ablaze with light, moved over the surface of the water like a constellation of stars. She headed straight for the bar.

Ned struck the match.

The palm fronds caught, the fatwood began to burn. The White Gull was on fire.

Standing up in his rowboat, not knowing he was outlined against the blaze of the burning ship, Ned watched the steamer slow up, veer off, and out, and pass by.

And the White Gull burned, to the water's edge.

Ned pulled on his oars. She had not been a bad old scow. One thing, in going, she had saved the lives of hundreds.

He rowed. One mile, two. The shore was nearer. But the waves were running higher too, for the wind had freshened.

Behind him he could see the smoldering glow where the White Gull still burned on Long Bar.

He glanced to the south to see if he could still see the steamer. And then he pulled frantically on his oars, trying to row his boat faster, faster, away from what was bearing down upon him!

Through the night a boad sped, a finger of light playing here and there across the surface of the water, but beyond his rowboat. Ned rowed. It was the coastguard boat. Ned could see that, and coming almost at him. That coastguard boat must be searching for something, for someone! But why? And how had the searchlight beam missed him?

Ned rowed, yet knew that his rowboat was doomed to founder. The swells were tossing it every way.

Then Ned was in the water, swimming, while someone on the coastguard boat called out, a line was thrown, and he was being pulled on board.

Gratitude! They seemed to expect that! After they had swamped his rowboat! Gratitude!

"What do you think you were doing!" he sputtered. "You're great sailors, coming up in the dark and barging around, taking no care where you were going or who might be out!"

"And what were you doing?" they asked.

They seemed to think he might be hunting the crew of the burning White Gull too.

The crew of the White Gull! Why he was the crew!

That steamship had reported by wireless that a sloop was aground, and burning on a bar where no bar ought to be. And it reported too that members of the crew had been seen.

Ned stared at those aboard the coastguard boat.

"Why I . . . ." and he told how Long Bar had moved, how he knew the steamer might ground on it, how he had sailed his old scow out, and how he had set fire to her, to warn the steamer.

* * *

NED was staring at a new boat, a glorified White Gull, the gift of the steamship company.

Ned said to his sister, Martha, "Say, they didn't *have* to do that!" But Ned was thankful, too. Payments on his mother's orange grove, and bills for spray, could be met now.

"Isn't she a beauty, Ned!" Martha said.

Ned nodded.

"Can I go out with you?" They sailed out, and marvelled at the way the White Gull handled.

And then, when they were far out from shore, a steamer came along, heading north.

The steamer came abreast of them, and from the steamer, a salute sounded. "Although," Ned said, "I don't know whether it's new White Gull they're saluting or the old."

For the old White Gull, a tubby old scow, had saved that steamer from grounding on a bar that had decided to move out to sea.

A Canadian at Dunkirk

Demolition Job Provides Many Thrills

THE following story of a Canadian Sea Scout who was "mentioned in despatches" for splendid work during the historic debarkation of British troops at Dunkirk,—Sub-Lt. Jack Pickford, formerly of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club Sea Scouts of Montreal,—will be read with keen interest by Scouts and other boys throughout the Dominion. The details were secured from a letter to the parents of the young naval officer.

After telling how he was called back from week-end leave and specially equipped with army uniform, naval cap, gas mask, tin hat and water bottle, Sub. Lt. Pickford continued in part:

We then went on board a patrol vessel and proceeded to sea. You can imagine how excited we were (and somewhat nervous, too).

The ship was loaded down with explosives, and this told us that our job was to be demolition. I was in command of a party of 16 seamen and one petty officer.

We arrived at our destination unmolested about 11 a.m., and transferred to another destroyer. Shortly after we had our first air attack, and I had my baptism of fire. With all our explosives on board, even a small bomb would have finished us completely, but we gave them so heavy a barrage that they didn't come very close, and flew off quickly.

* * *

GOING into the harbor after a number of false alarms, we had another air attack, a good one, but came through all right. I am not allowed to name the city of our activities, but it was a large French city, and I wish I could describe the scene. The Germans were expected to take the city in a couple of hours, and evacuees were straeming into the place.

They are by far the most pitiful sight. They come by thousands, with only a few possessions over their shoulders and hanging on to their kids for dear life. Some (even men) were crying on the wharf because we couldn't take them. However, I believe a good number got off later in French ships.

Stragglers of the B.E.F. kept arriving, and of course, we took them aboard. One of the strangest things happened shortly after we docked.

An army lorry drove up, and it had three Canadian soldiers on board. They were privates in an Eastern regiment and had been left behind because their lorry had broken down. They repaired it, and had been cruising about France for 10 days, having a wonderful time, with the Germans always on their tail, but it didn't seem to worry them in the least. They were fine fellows, and were only too glad to let us have their truck and to drive it for us.

* * *

WELL, we managed to get four trucks together, loaded each up with explosives, and set off. Two of the Canadians came with the party, which consisted of myself in charge, one petty officer, 17 seamen and the two Canadians.

These two men were surprised to find a Canadian naval officer in charge. The Commander rode with us at first, to show us where to do our job, so he and I sat in front with the driver, the other Canadian standing on the running-board, and we set off at about 40 m.p.h., hoping that the explosives and seamen in the back were all O.K.

Arriving at our destination, the Commander told me what he wanted blown up, and left me to do it. We worked very hard until about 9.30, when all our charges were ready, then we went from job to job, lit the fuses and watched 'em blow up.

To get back to the ship we had to drive our lorry through the flames of several oil tanks which had been blown up. Here my Canadian driver and I (we were the only ones in front) put our heads down and drove like mad. It was really wonderful the way he handled that truck, and we got through without any difficulty. We found our ship's boat, and were rowed out to her but before we left we blew up a large crane and even our lorry.

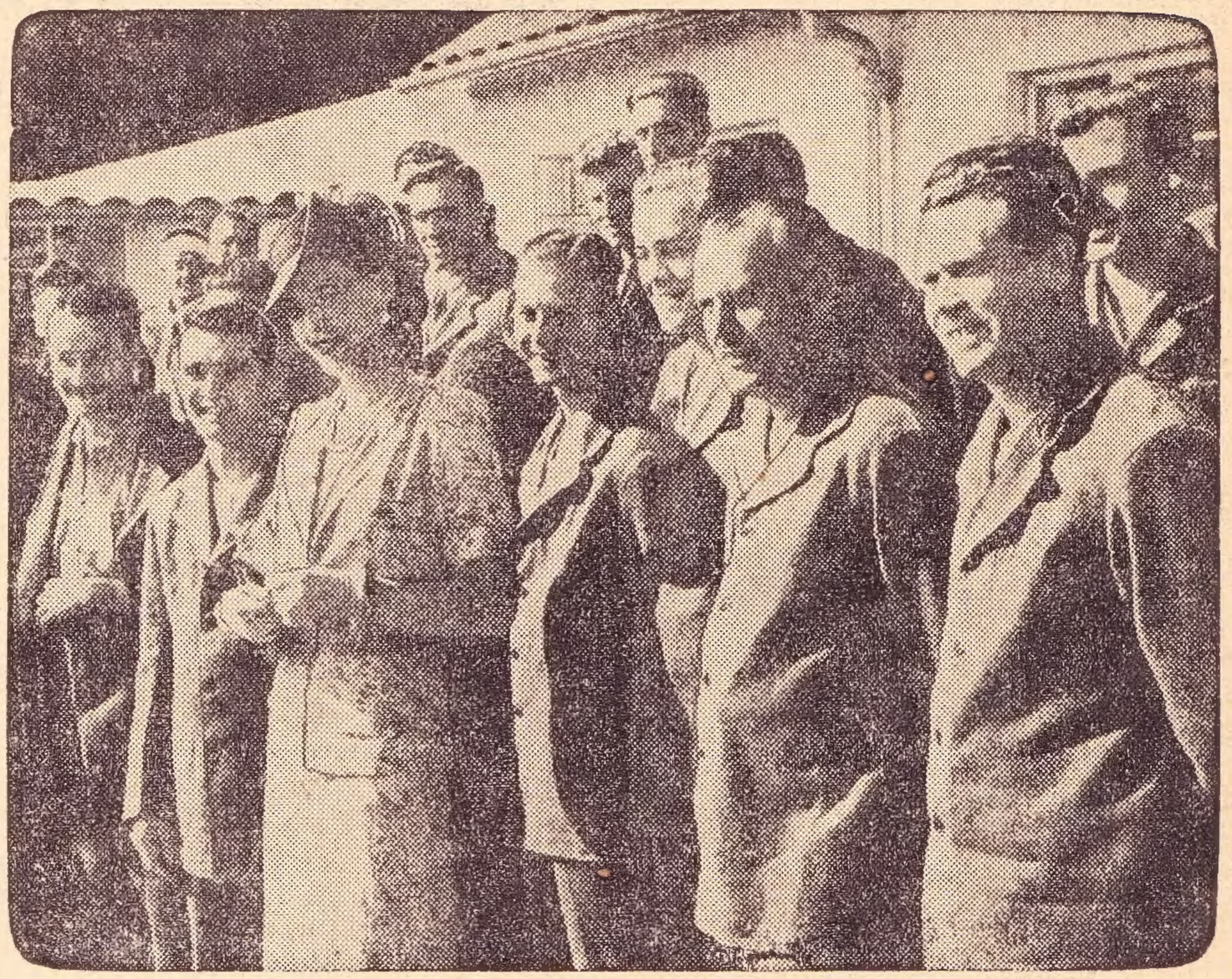
On the destroyer I found that two other parties had returned. The fourth was picked up shortly afterwards. Some of them had had trouble with Fifth Columnists, but none was hurt. Some of the houses in the city were showing lights, obviously Nazis.

* * *

THE destroyer was literally packed with troops and refugees, so the return voyage was somewhat cramped, but very pleasant just the same. Admiral ——'s son is an officer in the ship. We reported to the Commander the next morning and he was well pleased with our work.

I told the Commander that all credit was due to my petty officer, who blushed when warmly thanked, but he had really done a fine job. He realized that I did not know much about the

(Please turn to Page 16.)



Canadian soldiers convalescing at the 5th Canadian General Hospital, (Eng.) enjoyed posing for this photo during a surprise visit from Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Kent. The Duke and Duchess are taking a special interest in the Canadian troops overseas.

UNANSWERED PRAYER

I NO LONGER speak of unanswered prayer. To be perfectly frank, I do not think that any petition remains neglected and unanswered. When we ask in faith, nothing wavering, God is always as good as His word.

But, mark this: I am far from suggesting that our prayers are answered just in the way we had hoped. Indeed, in my own case, I tremble when I contemplate what might have happened to me had my prayers been answered in the precise form in which my urgent petitions were presented. How sincerely I praise God for what other people call "unanswered prayers"!

In other words, I believe, so implicitly, in the good, and perfect, and acceptable will of God, that I am quite sure that all things worth while are working out for the best. That, by the way, is how Tyndale translates Romans 8:28. "Alli things" do not merely work together for "good", they work together for the "best"; so now I worry about nothing, and am thankful for everything.—Dr. T. W. Riddle in the Christian Herald (London)

FAITH IN ACTION

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way;
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

THE PARABLES

Parabolic teaching serves more than one good purpose. It conciliates attention; it wins a place for strange or unwelcome truths in the mind; it illumines and illustrates; it helps the memory and stimulates reflection; it guards the truth until it can be received. But it has also another use. It is, as Matthew Henry puts it, a "shell that keeps good fruit for the diligent, but keeps it *from* the slothful'."—.S D. F. Salmond.

A WEALTHY CHURCH

IT will not avail the Church to have super-abundance of material riches, if she lacks the power for the renewal of life.

One day some centuries ago, men were carrying chests of gold into the vaults of the Vatican at Rome. The Pope, who was watching the operations, said to Thomas Aquinas standing near: "You see, Thomas, the day has gone by when the Church had to say, 'Silver and gold have I none'."

"Yes, holy father," replied the saintly Thomas, "and the day has gone by when the Church could say to the lame man, rise up and walk."

"Revenge, pride and passion destroy the inner harmony of the soul even though they may temporarily energize it."

THE PROPHETIC HOUR

By Michael Thwaites in The Times, London.

In this dread hour for thee and all mankind
Britain, be Freedom's fortress or her grave.
There is no middle way. Conquer and save
The world, no less: fail and those chains that bind
Our folk shall fetter body, soul and mind
Of all men everywhere. Fateful and brave
Such fight! But if we fail? Hell's flag shall wave
O'er Freedom's self to nether Dark consigned.
One thing is needful. Turn to God, whose laws
Are everlasting. Whom we own in part,
Obey: His yoke is perfect liberty.
To Him in humble trust commit our cause
And we shall see Hell's tyrant burst his heart
And the whole world start up, amazed and free.

GUILTY

WE know that we are guilty, individually and collectively, for the condition which we are now in. This opening of our eyes may be the beginning of a corporate repentance. For we were never so near to war and never so near to getting rid of war; never so near to universal poverty and never so near to getting rid of universal poverty.—E. Stanley Jones (written before Sept., 1939.)

"Force of character is a fine thing to have. But far more important than force, after all, is direction. Christ not only gives the gift of power to His followers, but the gift of direction for that power."

It is from the daily practice of His presence that the radiant life is realized. In the diary of Henry Martyn, the sainted missionary of India, we find this entry: "My principal enjoyment is the enjoyment of His presence."

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name.—I Chron. 16:29
Mon. : I will praise the Lord with my whole heart.—Ps. 111:1
Tue. : I will sing praises unto Thee among the nations.—Ps. 108:3
Wed. : They shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord.—Ps. 107:43
Thu. : The Lord is gracious and full of compassion.—Ps. 111:4
Fri. : Shew forth from day to day His salvation.—I Chron. 16:23
Sat. : Rejoice evermore.—I Thess. 5:16

SEEKING PEACE

"FEW men have given more study to the pursuit of peace than Thomas a Kempis, and he has two sentences which all of us should bear in mind:

"'First keep thyself in peace and then thou wilt be able to bring others to peace.'

"'To be able to live peaceably with the obstinate and perverse or disorderly is . . . a very praiseworthy and manly feat.'"—F.T.F.W. in the Oxford Times.

READING THE BIBLE

Behold the Book, whose leaves display
Jesus, the life, the truth, the way—
Read it with *diligence*, with *prayer*,
With *faith*, and thou shalt find Him there.

AS "man cannot live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God," so the nation and the national life need to conform to the mind and will of God concerning sin and repentance, and the cultivation of a right attitude in which to ask for and receive victory and a just peace.—Sel.

If indeed thy heart were right, then would every creature be to thee a mirror of life, and a book of holy doctrine. —Thomas a Kempis.

The child of God can never think of anything the Heavenly Father will forget.

"To nurse a sin in thought is to make it easy to commit in act."

PRAYER FOR CONTINUANCE

WE praise Thee that Thou art a God who willest to be known. Thou hast interpreted Thyself in human flesh; in Jesus Christ. Yet when He came to His own, His own people received Him not. O quicken us in this our day, lest our vision be too clouded and our spiritual sense too dulled.

Save us from despondency on account of the boisterousness of evil; preserve use from casting away our confidence in the unseen resources of the Spirit.

Check us when we are tempted to say of men's perversity and hate and cruelty, "It is from of old and changeth not." Thou hast set Thy morning star in our sky: give us faithful purpose to follow its leading.

And through that blessed and living fellowship enable us to keep the word of Thy patience, and to serve Thy sure working on behalf of Thy redeemed creation, which waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.—Amen.

Young People's Bible Reading

"You That Hear"

by BEREAN

For Sunday
NOV. 24, 1940.
Luke 8:4-15

DURING the earlier months of our Lord's Galilean mission we often hear of Him teaching in synagogues. But after a while opposition developed.

"The Son of Man showed a profound respect for any man or woman. No one could fail to see that his idea of mankind was exalted indeed. . . But he had no respect of persons. Whatever gave people in their own eyes the title to be regarded as superior persons, and to look down on others or exploit them in their own interests, he viewed with a disgust of which he made no concealment, even at the tables of the rich. . . .

" . . . Naturally, therefore, the well-to-do, not indeed without exception, but for the most part, regarded this new teacher who was gathering crowds of disciples, with aversion or with an assumption of contempt which was ill-concealed fear. . . .

"Jesus . . . bade the people respect the authorized interpreters of the law who 'sat in Moses' seat.' None the less his teaching was revolutionary. . . . He kept quoting Hosea, 'I have desired mercy and not sacrifice.' Against all their system of minute prescriptions he exalted the great moral principles. . .

It ought to be added that Jesus' constant habit of speaking of God under the familiar name of 'Father' — 'My Father' or 'Your Father'—would not have had an agreeable sound in the ears of those who, in accordance with what was already ancient tradition, did not dare to name God at all, but preferred to speak of 'the heavens'." (Gore)

The Sower

THE synagogues being closed to Him our Lord taught even more than at first out of doors.

One day he was by the seaside and the multitude continuing to throng ever more closely round Him, He boarded a fishing boat and sat in the bow and taught, the people grouping themselves on the shore. (St. Matt. 13:1, 2, St. Mark 4:1).

The acoustics along part of the shore of Galilee are remarkably good and coming across the water His words could be heard by everyone.

The sower.—Perhaps a little distance off a sower intent on his job served as the text.

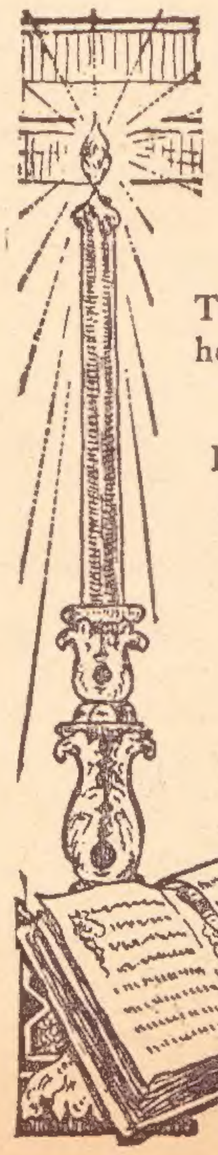
Dean Stanley who visited the probable spot writes, "There was the undulating cornfield descending to the water's edge. There was the trodden pathway running through the midst of it, with no fence or hedge to prevent the seed from falling here or there on either side of it or upon it. . . There was the good rich soil; there was the rocky ground of the hillside protruding here and there through the cornfields; there were the large bushes of thorn . . . springing up . . . in the very midst of the waving wheat."

By the wayside.—On the path or beside the path where people heedlessly diverging from it trample the soil by its side.

Making Capernaum His headquarters He went on preaching tours through Galilee. . . . He was everywhere taken for a prophet, and it began to be the popular belief of Galilee that He must in truth be the Messiah.

To this period, generally called the great Galilean ministry . . . are to be assigned . . . much of the teaching by parables, .. and .. numerous .. miracles worked at Capernaum and throughout Galilee. . . .

The whole period was one of intense activity, and full of hope and promise. Although Jesus did not openly call Himself the Messiah (the Christ), He assumed an authority which could only be justified on that assumption. Apparently He avoided the title, because in the minds of the Jews it was inseparably connected with the idea of a temporal king and a temporal kingdom.—Dummelow.



Memory Verse

Take heed therefore how ye hear. —Luke 8:18

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

From Nov. 18 to Nov. 24.

Mon.—Luke 8:4-15
Tue.—Titus 1:10-16
Wed.—II Tim. 4:9-18
Thu.—Matt. 6:24-34
Fri.—Acts 2:37-47
Sat.—Psalm 119:9-16
Sun.—John 15:1-8

No moisture.—"Because the soil on the rock was so shallow as soon to be dried up by the scorching Syrian sun."

Thorns.—"They had been cut down, but not rooted out. A sower would not be so foolish as to sow in a thicket; but the roots would be hidden and the thorns not seen till the Spring growth appeared." (Adeney)

A hundredfold.—"This would not be rare with such fertile soil and such a genial climate as may be found in Palestine." (Adeney)

"Mysteries of the Kingdom"

HE that hath ears.—One of our Lord's proverbial utterances. Compare, "I say unto you which hear." (chap. 6:27)

Much is packed into this short saying. Our Lord's words are for all who hear. But they cannot be understood unless by people who will open their ears to their deeper meaning.

A parable.—"Everyone would listen with pleasure to the story; everyone no doubt would recognize that Jesus meant something by it, more than appeared on the surface of the story: but only a few would take the trouble to understand what exactly He meant and pay heed to it, when they had understood it. Thus a parable acted as a judgment." (Gore)

The disciples.—After He had landed. "When he was alone, they that were about him with the twelve." (St. Mark 4:10)

Unto you.—Our Lord saw the shallowness of much of the popular enthusiasm. But there were those who were honest in their desire to understand His teaching. "If any man willeth to do His will he shall know of the teaching." (St. John 7:17 R.V.)

Mysteries.—The word in the N. T. does not mean "that which cannot be understood." It is borrowed from the Greek usage. "Truths previously hidden now made known. Truths revealed to an inner circle."

That seeing they may not see.—A strong Eastern way of putting it.

The purpose of a parable was "not to hide the truth but to show it."

"To men who search after the truth, who prize it when found, the truths of the parable are revealed and are manifold. From him who cares not to undertake this search, the truths are hidden. Had our Lord uttered abstract truth, His precepts might have been forgotten. He has given us spiritual truths in a form familiar to Orientals which readily fits the minds of men. The disciples could carry the story

(Please turn to Page 8.)

THE DISEASE OF THE WORLD

FEW people who indulge in alcoholic beverages could deny that it was some form of pride or selfishness which made them take their first drink.

"I wanted to be like the rest of them," "I wanted to show the bunch I could take it," "I'm not going to be a sissy. I'm old enough to take care of myself," "If I enjoy it and it doesn't hurt anyone else why shouldn't I take it?" These are the sort of reasons given. Under the bright light of honest self-examination, these seem to show a predominating element of *self*. And selfishness is the disease of the world today.

Are we not to conclude from this that human selfishness is the "fifth column" which must be dealt with if we are to win the battle against King Alcohol?

GOOD TALKING POINT

NO one offering a "first glass" means or expects to make a drunkard, but every drunkard was once the innocent boy or girl of some loving mother and father, to whom maybe some other mother or father thoughtlessly offered a first glass at an otherwise respectable party.

It is heedlessness and indifference that lead many of our church people into this sin of offering a "social glass" of intoxicating (or poisonous) liquor, but that it is a very real and widespread sin is shown by the results of a recent questionnaire to a very large number of quite typical young people.

To the questions "Where and why did you take your first glass of liquor," ninety per cent. of them replied, "At a party because it was offered to me."—From "Alcohol from a Social Standpoint," by Mrs. W. R. Lang.

Alcohol not only contributes directly and indirectly to accidents in factories, but *it is the experience of all physicians that alcohol subjects who meet with an accident have neither the resisting power to withstand the effects of the injury, nor have their tissues the healing power of those of abstinent persons.*—Sir Thomas Oliver, M.D., F.R.C.P., D.Sc.

A WORD FROM SOUTHERN IRELAND

I FIND the Northern Messenger very interesting. I like the stories and other departments, and the Sunday School Lessons are very good. I have passed some on to a family of children. When they are finished they give them to their grandmother who studies the Sunday School Lessons and gets a great deal from them. She gives them to a hospital, so you see they go the rounds.

MY DESIRE

Is Christ in me? Be mine the glorious dower,
To show the Saviour shining in my face;
And through my eyes, forth-putting His sweet power
To help the weak and wayward by His grace.
Oh! let not sin in me those windows dim
Through which the world might catch some glimpse of Him.

—R. Wilton in Sharing.

"YOU THAT HEAR"

(Continued from Page 7.)

about with them, remember it, discuss it, and so learn its lessons gradually." (Marshall)

EXPLAINING THE PARABLE

SO our Lord explained the parable to His disciples.

"The seed aptly stands for Christian truth . . . because when implanted in the heart and conscience, it grows, develops, and brings forth spiritual fruit." (Dummelow)

The devil.—"The idea is the tempter driving the truth from the mind of people who have laid their hearts open to the common traffic of idle thoughts or evil habits."

With joy.—"Enthusiastic, but superficial, quick to take an impression, quick to lose it.

Temptation.—Better "trial." Matthew and Mark have "tribulation or persecution."

Cares, riches, pleasures—"cares in the poor, riches in the prosperous, pleasures in the self-indulgent. . .

"The seed is the word; the wayside represents hearers who soon lose it; rocky ground, enthusiastic people who fail under trial; thorny places, persons suffering from worldly hindrances; and good ground the sound heart that holds fast and bears fruit." (Adeney)

THE HONEST HEART

HONEST.—Fair, excellent, sound, the word rendered "good" in "the good shepherd" (St. John 10:11, 14) (Adeney)

Hold it fast.—"The essential requisite over and above merely hearing."

Patience. — Better "perseverance." "This last word strikes the key-note of the parable." (Adeney)

Perseverance,—which includes patience, endurance, effort, courage,—is one of the great influences in forming character.

The disciples when they went out to preach would often be tempted to think their work a failure. But even if only a minority of their hearers proved to have "an honest and good heart" the work was worth while and in the end the results would multiply "a hundredfold."

Both the disciples and the people would carry the story away with them and would think it over.

As its meaning dawned on them they would see one thing very clearly. That it was their responsibility whether their hearts should be "honest," good ground or no.

We all have hindrances, some more, some less. But God gives us all the capacity to hear His word and to try to follow it honestly and truly.

So our Lord says (v. 18) "Take heed therefore how ye hear."

Whosoever hath.—"Not in the unjust way of the world, that wealth shall gain more wealth. The reference is to internal possessions. The more the gifts are cultivated, the greater will be the increase of fresh endowments." (Adeney)

The smith's arm grows strong with his striking, the sailor's eye grows keen by searching far horizons. It is a natural law that if we exercise our faculties they will increase in power; if we neglect them they will decline. The law holds good in the spiritual world.

Seemeth.—Better as in R.V. "thinketh he hath." "Of course a man cannot lose what he does not really possess; but he may miss ever having what he fancies he has already got, and then lose his present delusion instead of realizing the dream." (Adeney)

All Nature is a Parable, a word of God, a Sacrament. If we are willing God will give us eyes that see and ears that hear.

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes,
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries. (Mrs. Browning)

QUESTIONS

1. What happened to the seed "by the wayside."
2. What to the seed on rocky ground?
3. What to the seed among thorns?
4. What to the seed on good ground?
5. How are our hearts to be made "good ground"?
6. Were the disciples to be discouraged if they did not see great immediate results of their work?
7. What great quality of character does our Lord name in this connection?
8. Take heed how.—Complete the verse.

(See Answers Page 12.)

Whoso neglects a thing which he suspects he ought to do, because it seems to him too small a thing, is deceiving himself; it is not too little but too great for him that he doeth it not.—E. B. Pusey.

Barriers Down

(Continued from Page 2.)

that didn't *belong* to you," he said sternly. "The force of will that made you a good teacher has its drawbacks in a wife."

"But, I want to help you, Henry!" protested Jane.

"I know that," answered Henry, "but there's such a thing as being too good a housekeeper. A man wants a little love and tenderness and less dusters and brooms and 'Did you wipe your feet?'"

Henry picked up his chair and carried it to its old place in the den. He relaxed in it with a grateful sigh, but even with the door between them, he seemed to see Jane's shocked, offended face, and later when he said "Goodnight, Jane," there was no answer.

* * *

FOR two days Jane was quiet, but after supper the third day when Ruth hurried through the meal to get ready for a party at the Club, she followed Henry to the den, "You've told me where I've fallen down as a wife. I tell you that as a father you're a failure. You have no influence over Ruth and she's so young. She does just as she pleases. You'll be sorry yet; some night she won't come home at all!"

"What do you mean, Jane?"

"So many late nights and reckless drivers."

"Don's as solid as a rock," protested Henry.

"Other people aren't!"

"Perhaps you're right, Jane. I'll speak to her again."

When Henry opened Ruth's door his heart melted. She stood in front of the the mirror, slim and lovely in her filmy pink frock, "How do you like me, Daddy?" she asked with happy eyes.

"Wonderful, Ruthie; but promise me one thing. Come home early. I get worried about you."

Ruth's eyes were steady. "Don't worry, Dad; when I'm with Don I'm all right. He's *fine!*"

"It'll make me feel better," said Henry, "—and Jane too," added Ruth with wise, dark eyes.

* * *

HENRY slept fitfully that night. Jane was right about Ruth and perhaps she would be more thoughtful now! After twelve he looked at his watch time after time, and at last fell into a troubled sleep to be wakened by the telephone. He went to the extension in the upper hall. "This is the desk clerk at the Country Club; is that Mr. Fulton?"

Henry's throat was dry as he answered, "Yes, what is it?"

(Please turn to Page 13.)

The London Newspapers

By R.M.H. in the Winnipeg Free Press.

THEY are not super-people, these London newspaper men and women. They have the same grouches, the same ink-stains, the same careless laughter as mark the fraternity of a free press everywhere. And beneath that careless laughter they have the same fierce loyalty to this entity that comes alive under their tapping fingers.

When the history of these famous days comes to be written, surely one page will go to the London Press. Papers folded serenely on a million doorsteps, papers suddenly a symbol, not of flesh, but of spirit. Papers which by their very being have become a bulwark, a call to steadfastness. Newspapers fluttering in the winds of dawn. Newspapers which are banners.

* * *

FLEET STREET, the street of adventure? Fleet Street, the street of death? Well, so that is it. And death, the last great adventure. At any rate the Paper must come out. So it does, and lies folded serenely on a million door-steps.

For all, over and above the comradeship that flows among those who each day help create something which carries life along its leaded lines, there must be a new awareness among these of the London Press. All their newspaper lives they have worked in the compass of one day. Now they are at once aware of the past and of the future. Both are at their elbows. Both bend over them as they write, as they feed the machines, and they set the great presses turning. This new stature is common to all of them, to the cub reporters and the star writers, to the editor himself, and to the least of the copy boys. Each has one life to give.

* * *

THEY do know fear. No one knows better than they the swift swoop of this sky death. It is their business to know all that destruction can do in their city and country. The imagination which gives them insight also compels their sympathy and the spending of their nerve force.

Yet each night, no matter what earthquake of noise breaks about, the newspapers hold their post. This free press is no sheltered, protected thing. It repays again and again what a free people have done for it. Without a backward glance, without a careful thought, it jeopardizes its life in the high places of the field.

The Press has claimed to be an entity, to be a fourth estate. Now the bill is presented. Presented and paid. Each morning the newspaper lies serenely folded on a million door-steps. Each morning it flutters unconquered in the winds of dawn. The Paper must come out. The Paper has come out.

Gentlemen, I give you the London Press!

"You don't make very good music with that instrument," said a bystander to the man with the bass drum, as the band ceased to play.

"No," admitted the drum pounder. "I know I don't; but I drown a heap of bad music."

Our Mutual Life of Canada policies assure us security by: (1) building up valuable savings for our future needs; (2) guaranteeing us continuous protection.

We are three of the 165,000 policyholders who own The Mutual Life ... and share all its profits.

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

Established 1869

Head Office Waterloo, Ont.

"Owned by the Policyholders"

Our Chums'

MAIL BAG

DEAR CHUMS,—

Entries in Part II of our Competition will be classified just as in Part 1, and we'll reprint the list of classes so that you can see where you stand. *Please* state whether you have no prizes yet or if you already have a Northern Messenger Pencil or a Maple Leaf Badge. Then the judges will know in what class you belong and what award you are entitled to receive. One Chum sent her entry to Part I just a day too late to qualify,—which was too bad. And besides that, she did not say whether she had any pencils or badges, so we did not know what class to put her in. Here's hoping she will have better luck next time!

I think we are all finding this very interesting. There is one thing I've noticed and which I want you to notice. So many of the Chums writing on our first subject, said, "It is difficult to put down on paper the things you feel in your heart." That is exactly why I have given you this Contest. Those who study the way the "mind" and "soul" work say that when we face a question of right and wrong or have a difficult task to perform it is very helpful to think it through quietly and prayerfully and then *write down* the thing we feel in our own hearts. Then when we read over what we have written we may find that it contains an answer to our difficulty and a plan to follow. That "inner feeling" was given to us from God. For He is always trying to direct our thoughts and deeds. Writing a thing down makes it more definite. A vague feeling inside us becomes a definite plan to follow out if we sit quietly and listen for God's directions and then write them down.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth, —I hope I am not too late to enter your exciting contest. There are many reasons why Canada is at war, but it is difficult to put down on paper the things you feel in your own heart. However, I will try, and give you my thoughts on the subject:

WHY IS MY COUNTRY AT WAR?

AS you pick up any newspaper and scan the headlines you read where hundreds of men, women, and children have been killed and hundreds more wounded, or where cities have been demolished. Doesn't it make your blood boil to think of these things happening in a world that is supposed to be peace loving? There must be a reason. There must be some explanation for the world conditions of to-day!

There is an explanation. Selfishness, greed, dishonesty, tyranny, and lust for power seem to have the upper hand right now. But it can't and won't last. This is not a racial war, it is a spiritual war, where the forces of evil and the forces of all that is good and pure and upright meet in deadly combat. Canada is at war to stamp out this evil.

Canada is at war to help the Mother country. England is now bearing the brunt of the battle. It is her people who are being killed and wounded. It is her cities that are being destroyed by bombs. It is her beautiful landscape that is being marred. It is her innocent people that are suffering.

In the meantime Canadian factories are working twenty-four hours a day to produce materials to lessen this suffering. Canadian children are saving their pennies to give to the Red Cross. Canadian soldiers are being trained to brave all dangers on land. Canadian airmen are taught to fly super-planes that some day will defeat the enemy. Canadian sailors are learning to master weapons of the sea to help in the British navy. Canadian food products are being shipped as fast as humanly possible to the British Isles for the soldiers. All this is being done to help Great Britain.

Canada is also fighting for herself! If the enemy is not stopped over there, it will come to Canada and do the same things to the Canadians as are now being done to the British. Canada is fighting to protect her heritage!

Canada is fighting to keep the world safe for democracy. The world cannot afford to let Nazism, Facism or Communism thrive. Their way is to teach the people that "might is right" whereas God teaches us that "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall inherit the earth." The Great Commission can never be fulfilled if right does not triumph in the end.

Canada is fighting for liberty and freedom! Not only National Freedom but Spiritual Freedom as well. When this war is over Canada wants this world to be free from terrorism and hate. She wants a place where her people can love and spread the Gospel of peace and good-will toward man.

Canada is fighting for the time when people of different nationalities shall join hands and sing:

"In Christ there is no East nor West,
In Him no South or North,
But one great fellowship of love
Throughout the whole round earth."

Canada, along with all other English-speaking nations, is fighting for the right and in the end will win. Your chum,—Marjorie Merritt.

Northern Mssenger,
Montreal, Que.

To the Editor:—I am enclosing a story for the Messenger.

My mother is in the N. S. San. and as I send her my Messengers after I read them I would like to write her a short letter through Aunt Ruth's Page.

Enclosed please find the letter also. Yours truly,—Miriam Ross.

Ans.—It is a very nice thought of yours, Miriam, to write to your Mother through the Messenger. What a jolly suprise it will be when she opens the paper at page ten! I am sure she will appreciate it very much. It is something like the British Guest children speaking to the parents in England over the radio. If other chums would like to write in this way to friends who they know are taking the Messenger I would like to have them do so.—A. R.

To Mrs. Clarence Ross From Miriam Ross

Dear Mother:—How are you? I am well and now I have gained seven pounds.

I will be glad when you come to Amherst.

Last Wednesday night we went to a Social Evening in Mapleton.

We had a lovely trip over to see Aunt Queen. We saw an aeroplane land and take off from the Moncton airport.

Last week we had a Latin and French test. In the Latin I had one ending wrong and in French only two words wrong.

We are going to have a Hallowe'en party. We are going to have some dialogues and recitations.

Well I must close, Your loving daughter,—Miriam.

A Dual Purpose Tail

A squirrel uses its tail as a parachute and a windbreak, and so he always keeps it in good condition, combing and fluffing it out.—Selected.

Helen's Experiment

By
Stella G. Florence

ALL the way home fom Sunday School Helen was trying to think of someone upon whose head she could heap the "coals of fire" her teacher had spoken of. But she had no enemies she could call to mind. She resolved to ask Roy what he thought about it. Roy was Helen's brother, and, being a couple of years older than herself, she always went to him when she wanted advice.

Roy, however, could not help her at all on the enemy question; but he sensibly observed, after thinking awhile, that he didn't see why you couldn't help people who weren't enemies just as well.

"But the coals of fire, Roy?" Helen reminded him, with a doubtful look.

"Oh, that's only a figure of speech," said Roy, with the grown-up air that Helen always admired. "It's the principle of the thing you've got to look at, you know, and that's doing good wherever you can.

Helen supposed Roy must be right, but somehow that didn't seem to be quite the meaning the Sunday school teacher had wished to convey. She was still puzzling over it the next afternoon when her mother sent her after school, to the dressmaker's, to have her new frock fitted. Miss Simmons was a pleasant little body, and had a way with her which seemed to invite the confidences of perplexed people; and almost before Helen realized it she was telling the busy little dress-maker all about her difficulty.

"Well," said Mrs. Simmons, with her mouth full of pins, "I guess Master Roy was right. Helpfulness is what the Lord wants of us, I expect, and as to enemies, why, if you haven't got any of your own—and I don't really see how you could have, Miss Helen—there's always plenty of other people you can show kindness to."

Helen didn't quite understand.

"Well, it's this way," Miss Simmons went on. "There's a heap of people in in this world that have done harm to somebody and are pretty miserable because of it; and I expect if you should show them a kindness they didn't look for nor deserve, that would be heaping coals of fire. Now, there's an old lady upstairs, in my second floor front—Mrs. Clarkson, her name is—and I guess she's in need of coals of fire, if anybody is. She's all alone in the world and nearly blind, and as cranky and disagreeable as they make 'em. She must have made things pretty uncomfortable for a good many folks, in her time, I'm thinking. S'pose you try your hand on her?"

"But I'd be afraid," protested Helen.

"Oh she'll be nice enough to you," Miss Simmons said, encouragingly. "She couldn't well be anything else."

SO Helen went upstairs with Miss Simmons, and found in Mrs. Clarkson a very lonely and unhappy old woman. She was all alone in the world, she told Helen, except for her tortoise-shell cat, Dick Whittington, and now she had come back to die in the town where she had spent her happy girlhood.

"But you're not going to die," Helen said cheerily, though she felt very sad and sorry. "Miss Simmons will take good care of you, and I'll come and see you, if you'll let me, and before you know it you'll feel like a different person. It's being lonely that makes you so unhappy."

At the supper table that evening Helen told of her visit to Miss Simmons' boarder.

"And, mother," she said when she had finished, "Mrs. Clarkson says she hasn't been able to read her Bible for nearly a year, her eyes are so weak and the print seems to strain them so."

"Why doesn't she get a Bible like the big one in our bookcase?" said Roy. "I warrant she could read that all right."

"Perhaps she hasn't the money to spare for one," observed Mrs. Weston. "Those large, clear-print Bibles are quite expensive, you know. But perhaps we might lend her that one for a while, if you would care to carry it to her."

"Why mother!" exclaimed both the children at once, and Helen added, in a choked voice, "That was grandma's Bible."

"I know, dear," Mrs. Weston said softly, "but what do you think grandma would wish us to do? leave the Bible in the bookcase, when it might give peace and comfort to a poor, lonely old woman?"

* * *

HELEN'S eyes grew moist. She knew well enough what grandma would have wished — dear, kind grandma who no longer had any need of Bibles.

So the next afternoon Roy and Helen went together to carry the treasure to Mrs. Clarkson. Dick Whittington ran under the sofa as the two entered the room, perhaps fearing that Roy might be like other boys he had known in it's short cat-life; but Dick Whittington's mistress looked up with a smile of welcome.

"This is my brother Roy, Mrs. Clarkson" Helen said, glancing proudly at Roy as she took the book from him, "and we've brought you grandma's Bible, 'cause mother thinks it will make you feel better."

The old lady took the book in her trembling hands and opened it reverently. And the first thing that greeted her dim eyes was a quaint little bookmark of perforated cardboard that had been one of grandma's dearest treasures. It bore the familiar verse: "Love one another," worked in faded blue silk, with a tiny bunch of forget-me-nots in one corner.

"Where did you get this?" the old lady asked, looking up at the children with startled eyes. "Why, I made that bookmark myself when I was a little girl! I remember it as well as if I did it yesterday—and I gave it to Elmira Whitney for her birthday. Do you mean to say that Elmira was your grandma!" she asked Helen, excitedly. "Why, child, she was the dearest friend I ever had when we were girls together!"

* * *

BY this time the children were as excited as Mrs. Clarkson herself. It seemed strange and wonderful to them that this old lady and their grandma should have been children together in this very town, in those far-away years of which even mother knew no more than they knew themselves And then laying the precious Bible carefully aside, Mrs. Clarkson showed them some of the hoarded treasures of her youth, and among them, in a litle velvet csse, was a quaint , wonderful picture of grandma herself, taken on glass and colored. The children gazed at it in awed astonishment. Was it possible that stately old lady with snow-white hair, could ever have looked like this brown-haired, rosy-cheeked girl, with the prim silk dress.

To their delight, Mrs. Clarkson said they might carry the picture home to show to mother; and away they went, with flying feet, while the old lady watched them from the window, with a softened look upon her worn face.

"Well, your experiment worked out finely, Miss Helen," said Miss Simmons, smilingly, a day or two later. "Those coals of fire seem to have warmed Mrs. Clarkson up considerably. Hasn't felt so light-hearted in years, she told me this morning, and she certainly seems a lot happier. She isn't anything like as cranky, either."

Helen smiled happily.

"I guess grandma's Bible was all she needed, Miss Simmons," she said.
—Christian Advocate

A Sensible Lad

By A. H.

KENNETH CLAY woke up—snatched right out of the refreshing sleep of healthy boyhood.

What wakened him? That pesky alarm clock had started him into wakefulness as it never failed to do. He made a grab for the offending thing and hastily shut it off. How he wished he might fling it against the wall, snuggle down in the warm covers, and go back to sleep again!

But Kenneth Clay dare not! He was one of those paper boys, who in the early morning hours ride bicycles through the streets and put newspapers on the doorsteps for people to read at the breakfast table. It takes courage to be a paper boy. It takes grit and "stick-to-itiveness." It's good training and develops the will power.

Kenneth set the alarm clock down carefully. After all it was a dependable friend. He hopped out of bed into his clothes. He looked tidy when he came into the kitchen, and there was a cheerful grin on his face.

He made a quick breakfast. Then getting his paper bag, he climbed onto his wheel and rode off just as he had ridden to his paper job every morning for the past two years. His customers must get their paper on time.

How was Kenneth to know that a special suprise was in store for him on this very day? How was he to know that his courage and wit were to be put to test? He didn't. Kenneth had gone on from day to day living and building his character. Then right out of the sky came the test of that character and that living. If he had built a strong character he would act like a hero and not like a coward.

Kenneth had his papers and was cycling along the side walk. His hand would dive into his paper bag. There would be a swing of his arm and shoulder and a paper would land on a porch or doorstep. Kenneth's aim was accurate. The papers landed where he wished to place them. The lad was intent on his job. He was the only one on the street.

He noticed a thin film of smoke in the air as he turned a corner, and his curiosity was aroused. He sniffed. It smelled like rags burning. He came even with the front of the big white house, and he saw the smoke pouring out of a partly open window. He shouted. Realizing instantly that he could be of very little assistance by himself, he pushed hard on the pedals of his wheel and sped up the street to the red alarm box. He turned in the alarm.

The fire department worked with its usual efficiency. They took from the burning building a man and his wife and daughter. They were overcome with smoke but quickly recovered when rescued.

"That paper carrier turned in the fire alarm," the fire chief told the newspaper reporter who came to cover the fire, "His quick wit saved the lives of these people."

"Where is he?" asked the reporter. "I'd like to see the lad."

"He went on around his route," piped up a youngster.

The reporter grinned. "That's right." he said. "Those papers must be delivered!"

True Bravery

IN the heat of passion Robert had done something he was ashamed of and was sorry for it after the excitement had passed away. "I wish I hadn't let my temper get away with my good sense," he said; "but it's done, and what's done can't be undone."

"But isn't there a way to overcome the effect of wrong-doing, to a great extent?" asked a voice in his heart.

"How?" asked Robert.

"By owning to one's blame in the matter," answered the voice. "Confessing one's fault does much to set wrong right. Try it."

Now, Robert was very much like the rest of us, he disliked to admit that he was at fault. "I'm wrong, forgive me," is a hard thing to say. But the more he thought the matter over, the more he felt that he ought to say just that.

"It's the right thing to do," he told himself. "If I know what's right, and don't do it, I'm a moral coward. I'll do it."

So he went to the one he had wronged, and confessed his fault frankly, and the result was that the two boys were better friends than before; and his comrade had a greater respect for him because he had been brave enough to do a disagreeable thing when it was presented to him in the light of duty.—New York Observer.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. St. Luke 8:5
2. St. Luke 8:6
3. St. Luke 8:7
4. St. Luke 8:8
5. By our opening them honestly to God.
6. No. In the end the "good ground" would bear "a hundred fold."
7. Perseverance.
8. St. Luke 8:18

Northern Messenger

A 16-Page Weekly Sunday Magazine

A Christian Service for the Whole Family of the Sunday School Scholar

Founded by John Dougall, 1864

Continuing the Canadian Messenger and Journal of Missions founded by John Dougall (1855-7).
Revived, 1864 as Canadian Messenger.
Present title adopted, 1876.

Printed and published by

JOHN DOUGALL & SON
(Frederick Eugene Dougall, surviving member of the firm.)

Notice to Correspondents

Contributors of poems, stories, etc., who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope. We cannot pay for Poems.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

To Home Addresses

Prepaid—by the Year—

Single Subscriptions ..... **80 cts.**

CLUB rates to **separate** addresses

3 or more at 70 cts. each.
6 or more at 65 cts. each.

REDUCED PREPAID RATES

To Sunday Schools

6 or more to one address at 50c. each.
(or on yearly contract payable quarterly, 13c per quarter.)

ABOUT POSTAGE

Above rates include postage throughout Br. Empire (*except as below*).

EXTRA POSTAGE: For **Greater Montreal** (city of publication). **Australia**, and **U. S. A.** and oversea foreign countries 50 cts. extra for single subscriptions.

S. S. packages to such addresses by arrangement.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS PLEASE NOTE

If the bundle is to be sent to a new address, please state both old and new. The bundle should always go in the name of the official *most permanently interested*, though it may be addressed to him in c/o someone more convenient to S.S. or P.O.

Our Remarkable Introductory Offer

would interest some S. S. friend of yours who may not know what the Messenger is like today. It will be sent on request.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
P.O. Box 3070, Place d'Armes,
Montreal, Quebec.

Keep your WITS WORKING

QUEER ANIMALS!

Alfred I. Tooke.

No! This is not a list of things John Jones wants to do for the next few days. It is a list of jumbled names of animals. See if you can arrange the letters of each one in the proper order and find what animals they are.

FRI SEE H
SAT MORE MS
SUN A PIGGIE
MON CATS AT U
TUES L R T
THU SAM POO PIP
FRI SAFE G
SAT NO PEEL
SUN PIE CROP
MON SEE HAL C

—Our Dumb Animals

PYRAMID BUILDING

THIS is quite fun and just hard enough to be interesting. Take any letter of the alphabet and build downwards in pyramid shape as far as you can. Starting with a single letter, keep adding one letter each time (making a complete word) and using all the letters of the previous line but not necessarily in the same order. This is a good "paper and pencil" game for a party. A prize may be given to the player who can build the highest pyramid in a given number of minutes. Here are some examples. See if you can fill in the missing words in numbers 1, 3 and 4. (Answer next week.)

1—

E
B E
B E A
* * * *
B E A S T
* * * * * *
S T A B B E R

* * *

2—

A
A T
S A T
T E A S
T A L E S
S L A T E S
S A L T E R S

3—

A
A S
H A S
* * * *
H E A T S
* * * * * *
H E A R E S T

4—

O
S O
S O T
* * * *
R O A S T
* * * * * *
T O A S T E R S

RIDDLES CONTRIBUTED BY CHUMS

1. **What vegetable growing in the garden hasn't a green leaf.**
2. **As I was walking over the bridge I saw a boat load of people, yet there wasn't a single person on board the boat.**
3. **My bed is black, all trimmed with green with blankets red you've always seen.**

—Sent in by Thelma Shaw, Ont.

CHANGED WORD

Change Colt into Foal in three moves.

WORD SQUARE

1. A flower. 2. A thought. 3. A character from Shakespeare. 4. A unit of measure.

REVERSALS

1. Turn cooking utensils into a bite.
2. Look into, into look into.
3. A stream movement into an animal.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Riddle—Andrew.

Jumbled Airplanes—Junker, Spitfire, Hurricane, Heinkel, Messerschmidt, Savoia (Italian)

"Do you think," asked the poet, "that I ought to put more fire into my verse?"

"No!" said the editor grimly. "I think you ought to put more of your verse into the fire."

Punctuality was not Old Sambo's strong point, and when he arrived later than ever one morning his master angrily demanded the reason.

"Well, sah," said Sambo, "Ah jumped out o' bed early dis morning as usual, an' when Ah looked in de mirror Ah couldn't see no Sambo; so Ah thought Ah must hab gone to work. An' do you know, sah, it wasn't until some time later dat Ah discovered dat de glass had fallen out ob de frame!"

BARRIERS DOWN

(Continued from Page 9.)

"Is your daughter home?"

"Of course, wait—I'll see."

His knees went weak as he looked at Ruth's untouched bed and then at the little clock on her bed table. It was three o'clock!

"She isn't in—yet," Henry dragged the words out, "Why do you ask?"

"One of the guests just came back and said a blue roadster in front of his car went over the embankment at the railway crossing. We don't believe that there was any serious injury, but we're just checking up on our guests. Mr. Ward has a blue roadster, hasn't he?"

Henry caught the back of the 'phone stool and was conscious of Jane standing beside him, Jane's hand on his shoulder. "I'll phone the Wards' house and call you back," he answered. His cold fingers caught and slipped on the dial as he called the Ward's number. There was no answer! He asked the operator if the line was out of order. She tried it and answered, "No."

"I can't get the house,—there's no one there," he told the desk clerk. "I'm coming out!"

"Nothing can be done till it's light, sir."

"I'm coming out, I tell you," Henry said, between clenched teeth, and hung up.

"What is it?" Jane asked, and Henry told her as he dressed madly.

"Let me come with you?"

"No!"

* * *

SHE followed him downstairs into the dining room, and caught his arm, "Perhaps it isn't Ruth and Don. Perhaps they're just later than usual. Please hope——"

There was the sound of a yawn and the screen behind Henry fell forward. On the chesterfield Ruth rubbed her eyes and sat up in her party dress "Ruthie!" exclaimed Henry and fell on his knees beside her. "What's the matter, Dad?" asked Ruth sharply. "I came home early. I was so sleepy I just dropped down here. I didn't want to disturb you. Don went home with Hugh Chester. His people are away."

Ruth sprang up when Henry told her. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry, Dad! But I kept my word to you!"

Henry turned to Jane, who was standing with white face, her hands held out imploringly. "Don't shut me out any longer, please, Henry. I need love, too. You and Ruth made a little circle of love and I've had to fill my life with things about the house. I'm not cold really. I feel things too—Ruth, please——"

"Mother!" cried Ruth, and put both arms round her; "I never thought you liked me!"

"I did! I *did!* I thought you resented me. Henry,—Jane's such a cold name. My mother used to call me Jenny and I loved it. Would you——?"

"Dear Jenny!" said Henry Fulton tenderly and took his wife in his arms.

New Serial Coming Soon

BE ON THE WATCH FOR IT!

Immigration Official—I'm sorry, but there's been a mistake here. We've got your hair down as dark instead of blonde."

Modern Young Lady—"Oh, that's all right. Will you alter it, or shall I?"

PEANUT BRITTLE FLUFF

2 cups peanut brittle, crushed
1 cup vanilla wafers, crushed
2 cups whipped cream

Method: Mix the peanut brittle and wafer crumbs; carefully fold in whipped cream. Chill, serve in sherbet glasses topped with maraschino cherry.

CARAMELS

Mix together two cups sugar, one-half cup light corn syrup, one cup sweetened condensed milk, one-half cup heavy cream, one cup milk, and one-fourth cup butter. Cook over a low flame, stirring constantly until thermometer reads 246 degrees F. or syrup forms a firm ball in cold water. Remove from the fire, beat, add two teaspoons vanilla and turn at once into a greased pan. When cold, remove from the pan and cut with a long sharp knife. Wrap each piece in waxed paper. For chocolate caramels add four squares of chocolate, grated, and omit the butter.

APPLE SOUFFLE

2 cups hot apple sauce.
1 tablespoon each butter and lemon juice
3-4 cup sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 egg yolks
6 egg whites, stiffly beaten.

Mix the apple sauce, butter, lemon juice, sugar and cinnamon. While still hot stir into the beaten egg yolks. Cool. Fold into the stiffly beaten whites of 6 eggs and turn into a baking dish that has been well buttered and sprinkled with sugar. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a very slow oven until the souffle is puffy and firm—about 40 minutes. Serve at once, plain or with slightly sweetened sweet cream.

BAKED APPLES

Different ways of serving baked apples: Medium-sized apples baked whole with white or brown sugar. Large apples cored and filled with sugar and cinnamon, or cloves, or a mixture of cinnamon, nutmeg and ground cloves.

A friend was making a call. "Here, Johnny, is an apple. Divide it politely with your sister."

"How shall I divide it politely, sir?"

"Why, give the larger part to her."

Johnny thought a moment, then handed the apple to his sister, "Here, sis, you divide it politely."

Helping or Hindering

MARY STARCK KERR

BABY DONALD went over to the table and reached up toward a vase of flowers standing there. His mother, who was entertaining callers, did not call to him to stop or to come away from the table, as Mrs. Jones expected. Instead she stepped quietly but quickly to his side, and taking up the vase with marked carefulness, showed the flowers to Donald, letting him smell them. Then she set the vase back with the same noticeable care, saying, "Now we will put the pretty flowers back very carefully, so the water in the vase will not be spilled on the table or on Donald."

After that she gave Donald his toy auto which he had deserted a few minutes before, and he played contentedly during the remainder of the visit.

That evening Mrs. Jones related the incident to her husband, and said, "I believe I have learned the secret of the good conduct shown by Mrs. Scott's older children when they visit here. They never meddle with anything in the house, as most other children do—even our own Alice and Dicky."

"That's so," said Mr. Jones, "I always thought that we waste a lot of energy trying to keep children from doing things that are perfectly natural for them to do. My idea would be to keep all the things we don't want them to touch well out of their reach, until they are old enough to understand what they are for and how to handle them."

"When it is impossible for us to watch the children, that is, of course, the best thing to do," replied Mrs. Jones, "but, "thoughtfully,, "when we can be with them, shouldn't we leave things in their proper places and just help the children to learn what they are for and how to handle them?

"This is not the first time I have noticed Mrs. Scott's methods. When she was serving refreshments, earlier in the afternoon, she let Baby Donald help. He carried an empty cup with its saucer to Mrs. Brown. Now if Dicky took hold of one of our fine china cups or saucers, I should be so afraid of his dropping it that I should probably say, 'Put that down, Dicky,' and, very likely in a tone of voice that would startle him so that he would drop it."

"Yes," said Mr. Jones. "I remember doing that very thing when Alice was two years old."

"I read a quotation the other day; it was something like this: 'When you discourage your child from investigating, you are hindering him in his search for knowledge.' I suppose these very simple early attempts to find out about things are as important to the child as later ones."

"And children are not really naughty when they 'get into things', as we say. They are only trying to learn what things are and what can be done with them."

"So we should try to help by watching for opportunities to show them the things which interest them. Dick, you are so much more understanding than most fathers, that if we work together——"

"Our children will be just as dependable as the Scott children are!"

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

Favorite Names

HERE are a few favorite names and the meanings that have clung to them since antiquity. These meanings may be an added birthright for your child, a motto to wear on his shining armor throughout life!

CHARLES—great
DAVID—beloved one
DONALD—proud chief
EDWARD—prosperous protector
FREDERICK—peaceful ruler
GEORGE—tiller of the soil
HAROLD—mighty in battle
HENRY—ruler of the home
JAMES—"the supplanter"
JOHN (Jack)—God's gracious gift
PHILIP—lover of horses
RICHARD—powerful ruler
ROBERT—of shining fame
STEPHEN—a crown or garland
THOMAS—the twin
WILLIAM—resolute protector
BARBARA—the stranger
CAROL—song of joy
CATHERINE—pure
DORIS—of the sea
DOROTHY—gift of God
EDITH—rich gift
ELIZABETH—consecrated to God
EVELYN—pleasant
FLORENCE—flowering, blooming
FRANCES—free
JANE—God's gracious gift
JEAN—(A Scots form of Jane)
MARGARET—a pearl
MARY—after the Mother of Jesus
RUTH—beauty.
VIRGINIA—maidenly

—"Better Home Making"

The lesson was on the power and effect of wind.

"As I was going to school today," said the very pretty teacher, "the bus door opened, and something came softly and kissed me on the cheek. Can you tell me what it was?"

"The conductor!" came the prompt and unanimous reply.

Northern Messenger

November 15, 1940.

VOX POPULI VOX DEI

WRITING on the morning after the frantic struggle at the ballot boxes of the United States one thing is sure—God has heard and answered the prayers of Christians in the United States and the world round. They did not all know which candidate for the presidency He would choose but they all wanted His will to be done in the matter. We must all accept the result as answer to prayer.

God had been speaking through his prophets, such as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Harvard University, Miss Dorothy Thompson and other newspaper correspondents and diplomats who spoke with first hand knowledge of the condition of Europe under the dictation of Hitler, Bishop Manning of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York City, and many other preachers, editors and broadcasters. On November 5th (yesterday, at this writing) He spoke through the mass of the people.

It is not always true that, translating the Latin proverb at the head of this article, "The voice of the people is the voice of God." We cannot believe it true in Germany or Italy or Japan since the dictators in these countries have prevented the truth from reaching the masses in those countries. And in the prevailing pitchy darkness they have warped the judgments of their peoples.

But with freedom of press, pulpit and radio the people of the United States could learn both sides.

Said Lincoln: "You can fool some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all of the time" —no, not even in Germany. You can cover a lighted candle with a wicker basket and pretend there is no light. But in time the basket will catch fire and flare up, magnifying the candle-power a hundredfold.

Another thing is sure and that is that Christian civilization the world round breathes easier and the dictators groan under the verdict. But let us all pray that those elected, from President down, will realize that they are chosen to do God's will, not their own. May they take time to learn God's will and to be charged with His Spirit. For God has laid upon the United States a very great responsibility for the world's future.

HARDY NORSEMEN

THOUGH Fuehrer Hitler dominates much of Europe he does not dominate the souls of all the people he has forced or tricked under the yoke of Nazidom. And his high-handed robbery of their stores of food and clothing and other resources is fomenting trouble that some day will flare up.

Norway, for example, like his other annexed countries, is being stripped of all its movable wealth, its fisheries are being destroyed, the standard of living of its people has been lowered, its newspapers have been crushed, its schools and universities have been denied their freedom, prayers for the King and his Government have been forbidden in the churches. But the Norwegians retain their traditional love of liberty. Many refuse to co-operate with the German puppet Quisling government which merely rubber-stamps the Nazi orders. In spite of wholesale arrests men are brave enough to speak against the usurping power and to encourage their people to look forward to the day of release.

Since Germany overran their country many Norwegians have come to Canada. Many of these are young adventurers who desire opportunity for training so that when the time comes they may help to bring about their country's deliverance.

About a hundred pilots of the Norwegian air force escaped and made their way to Canada. Other young Norwegians have joined them and are being further trained in various branches of aviation work.

The Norsemen are fearless sailors and explorers. Did not an early King, Harald sail up through the ice of the polar seas till he reached a dense wall of mist and judged that he had come to the very edge of the world!

In more recent days there have been Nordenskjold, Nansen, Amundsen and many others. And this freedom-loving, adventurous Norse blood courses through the veins of these young aviators.

Before the war Norway's merchant marine totalled a little under 5,000,000 tons. About 4,000,000 tons of this shipping today co-operate with British ships in the carrying trade of the Empire.

Norway and Britain are intimately connected. Not only are their Royal Families closely related but the people themselves are akin. The Norse type is very pronounced in the Scottish islands and Norse influence can be traced all along the coasts of England, Scotland and Ireland.

Canada has her own Norse connection, for Norsemen knew her coasts a thousand years ago. And we have many Norse families in our Western provinces, and splendid citizens they are. The Norseman is as bold as a lion. He is often a giant in strength. But he is quiet, kindly, hospitable. The shores of Norway, with its many deep fjords, world famed for their beauty, are of course often swept by stormy seas. Its people, so largely sea-faring folk, have to contend with severe weather in winter time. Its farmers and lumbermen have to wrest a living from a rugged and to a large extent mountainous country. In many respects Norway is like Scotland. The battle with nature has had its influence on the people, giving them strong bodies and unconquerable souls. The intimacy which has grown between Norway, Britain and Canada during recent months will surely fructify in still more intimate relationship in the peace that shall come.

OUR YOUNG WAR GUESTS

MANY of us have seen in a recent news reel the picture of a large party of British children arriving at New York. And we listened to two or three selected from the group who with their pleasant English voices told the people on this side how greatly they appreciated the kindness which had opened homes for them safe from the destruction which had rained all round them in London and other cities. More of these children may be expected when the storms of winter are over.

Dr. A. Grant Fleming, of the Council for Overseas Children in an address in Montreal stressed the fact that while Canada can assure its young guests that they are safe from German bombs, this is not enough. "We must make them as happy as children can be, separated from their homes.

"During the past quarter of a century," he continued, "workers in the field of child care have evolved certain principles. It is believed that the best place for a child is in his own home, the next best place is a foster home and institutional care should be regarded as a temporary placement while the child receives the special care or treatment

which the institution can provide best because of its equipment and staff. To carry out these principles our social work federations include child-placing organizations."

The home is the corner-stone of every true civilization.

Dr. R. C. Wallace, principal of Queens University, has also spoken of our guest children. Those already in Canada, attending Canadian public or high schools were becoming part of Canadian home life. And "in their letters to their own homes, they are already interpreting Canada to their parents," Dr. Wallace said.

"They are in all the provinces, and are linking up Canada from coast to coast in human sympathy with Britain through the intimate link of communication between home and home. . .

"New problems will arise, for the adjusting of human beings to new and strange surroundings is not easy. But nothing that is worthwhile is easy, and this is eminently worthwhile."

Children have a wonderful faculty of adapting themselves to circumstances. Most of the children who have come are so full of delight at making new friends and of interest in their new surroundings that on their arrival they seem very happy.

But when the first excitement is over, many of them will feel lonely for "Mummie" and "Dad" and other relatives and friends. It is here that their foster parents and their new boy and girl friends will be able to help them most. To give these children real homes, to let them know that they are among those who really love them, this is the joyous task which has come to many these days.

To make a child happy is one of the most important things that a "grown up" can do.

To help children in any way is a task of very high meaning, for it was said long ago, "Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me."

The Making of Rope

By Lester G. Hebert

For the Messenger

THE greatest possible care has to be used in the selection and preparation of rope-making materials, for a rope is of no use at all unless it is strong and dependable and suitable for the use to which it is to be put.

It is obvious that it would be very unfair and perhaps the cause of considerable complication if a rope should fail to hold a great steamer at its dock, or if it should fail in some other important part of its service.

Skilled rope makers are men who make a life study of rope, and who use every precaution to maintain a standard which is up to or high above the average.

You would wonder perhaps, how a rope not as good as had been claimed for it, might be identified as having been made by this or that cordage company. A weak rope which broke, causing loss of property or life, might be denied as having been made by a concern credited with its faulty manufacture.

That could happen and it would be difficult perhaps to prove in all cases, where and when such rope was made so as to fix responsibility.

* * *

BUT there are concerns which come at the matter from the opposite angle. It is as if they said to themselves "We are going to make the highest grade rope which is humanly possible, and we want every user of our rope to be able to so identify it."

But how could they mark their rope so that there would be no question of its origin? "Where there's a will, there's a way," and in this case the way was soon found by this concern of vision.

It was to have a Tape-Marked or positively identified strand running through the twisted cordage. This Tape-Marker was decided upon as a red, white and blue tape twisted right into the strands of the rope itself.

After a coil of rope has been cut into two, ten, or one hundred lengths, each and every length is still quickly, easily and positively identified by means of the colored Tape-Marker. When the Tape-Marker is untwisted, it shows the name of the company and the home address where the rope was made.

Not only is the Tape-Marker a means of identification, but it is an absolute guarantee of quality—of rope that is waterproof and non-kinking and stout away beyond the average. This company is able to guarantee high quality, strength, durability, and service of every foot of its Tape-marked, Pure Manila Rope, and in proof of its genuineness, they brand each coil with their trade mark, and stand back of every foot carrying the red, white and blue Tape-Marker.

So instead of beginning at the lower levels and doing as little as can be managed to make a fairly saleable product, the makers of the Tape-Marked rope take the greatest possible pride in putting the best of everything, including skill in the manufacture, into their product, at the same time using the means described to notify the entire world that this is their rope as proved by the colored Tape-Marker.

* * *

ROPE has some characteristics amazingly like character. Not infrequently we come across those whose characters are rather shoddy perhaps, or not nearly as good as they might be.

There are people who do as little as they can manage and get by. We often hear them say, "Oh, that'll do for this time," or, "I'll take a chance," or "I reckon I'm as good as the average." They are not concerned with producing the best and the best only. Fortunately we have an entirely different group who are responsible for high ideals and for nobility of purpose, clean living, unselfishness, and dependability.

Those people are sure to reveal a Tape-Marked character. That is to say, through every section of it runs the lifeline of Christian faith and Christian living. For them "Good enough" is not satisfactory. They are content only with the best and with the mark of the Christ life and teaching. It is present in every fibre of their being. It comes to the surface in the sturdy strands repeatedly.

It is there. There is no denying it. Those people do not want to deny it. They are happy in the knowledge their faih and works are their guarantee to life eternal. They are the real thing, and peace, contentment and fearlessness are their heritage.

A Tape-Marked life, like a Tape-Marked rope will stand the test and the storms.

A Canadian at Dunkirk

(Continued from Page 5.)

technicalities of the job, and yet always let me give the commands, with quiet suggestions from time to time.

I thanked him warmly myself, and praised him to the Commander. I also told the Commander about my two Canadian friends, and he told me to get their names and numbers so that he could arrange a good long leave for them. This tickled them pink, so everyone was quite happy.

Our Commander had been on the phone with the Admiralty, and came away with the news that we were to have five days' leave.

Back at H.M.S.——— we had a good bath and a shave and got into our naval uniforms again. Boy did it feel good!

So here I am with five days' leave.

—The Scout Leader.